AN OLD PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SOME OF THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO MATTHEW B. BRADY'S PHOTOGRAPH ST1 DIO.

The Famous Daguerreotype of Jackson is His Last Daynat the Hermitage Memories of Polk, Last President to Wear Stock; of Franklin Pierce and Marcy. of Martin Van Buren and His Son. Prince John' -- Fremont. Dr. Gwin, Slidell, in Blandy's Gallery Jefferson Davis There, Too: and Last and Greatst. Lincoln, Then Unknown to the Fast

In 1839 Arago laid before the French demy of Scierces the great importance of Daguerre's heliographic discovery, and in the same year Dr William Draper, an imericanized Englishman and professor of chemistry in the New York University produced in that institution the first porrait ever taken by the sunlight process The gray old tailding looking out on Washington Square, in which till a few years ago tered itself and conducted its educational work, was only once associated with higher himmph of science and invention That was when Prof. Morse made within its walls the first successful experiment with the magnetic telegraph.

Niepce's experiments toward fixing by optical and chemical processes and giving permanence to the images of the camera neida began in 1814 in 1826 he learned that Daguerre was conducting investigations having a like aim, and they presently united their efforts, which in the end were crowned with such signal success. It was not, however, mached till years after the pigueer of the discovery had passed away. The Academy of Sciences provided a perpetual pension for Niepce's heirs and a still larger one for the surviving Daguerre, a condition accompanying them being that the process in all its details should be given to the public. This was immediately done, with the result of inviting to the work and welcoming the collaboration of a host of ingenious experimenters in every country which had made any scientific advances. With this powerful and active restforcement it was soon ready for practical artistic and commercial application

It took instant possession of the world. Puck's girdle or the bicycle's whirring annulets hardly emircling it with more ve-While great and manifold improvements have been made in the original process the earlier productions of the art were of rare beauty, scarcely admitting any heightening of their delicacy, fidelity and charm. Many of them, dating back to the infancy of the art, have gone through the long intervening period since the sun pencilled them on polished metal tablets. preserving all the brightness and clearness with which they emerged new-born from the camera.

It was soon after 1840 that Matthew B. Brady, whose name thenceforward was to be so conspicuously associated with the new art, opened in New York a modest establishment for the production of daguerretypes, the other forms of the process not yet having been introduced. He was young, full of energy and ardor, and with a native aptitude for the work he had assumed; with these qualifications and the great public interest excited by the introduction of a process so novel and beautiful, it is not surprising that success should have immediately attended his

From the first he aimed to portray and mble in a collection of national scope all the notabilities of the country, not excluding others who might appear as visitors, like Kossuth, Garibaldi, Jenny Lind, Dickens and the rest, who from time to time bestowed themselves transiently upon the roung and welcoming republic. He began modestly, but the blossom of the later was in the bud of his earlier collection. He selected for the preservation of his art the interesting figures of society; those who would abide in memory and whom the muse of history would crown. Fenimore Cooper, Poe, Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bryant and their compeers appear among his earliest productions, the star and crown of the infant collection being a portrait of Andrew Jackson, which the artist journeyed to the Hermitage, the old hero's famed Tennessee abode, to obtain. The picture showed Jackson in his old age, seated in a chair with invalid wrappages around him, his head drooped forward, hair still abundan t. white and brushed back from his wasting temples, face sunken, eyes dimmed, approaching the last scene of all to end his strange, eventful history. He went out just as the sun pictures came in to give als fading image a new term of duration. They showed him in no wise

Like that Arthur who with lance in rest From spur to plume a star of tournaments, Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged Before the eyes of ladies and of Kings.

No more was he in those years of withering decrepitude like the fire-eyed soldier before whose onset the British line at New Orleans melted away like the wide-rolling river's mist; nor the stubborn partisan who removed the deposits from the United States Bank and performed the other memorable exploits of his turbulent Administration. It was only the husk and shred of the great man which the artist found awaiting his portrayal, but that was something-like a relic of saint or martyr or here to which the perfume of virtue ching precious in the eyes and in the heart of

mankind to long after-time.

To this period also may be assigned his portrait of another historic Tennesseean, James K. Polk, the last of the Presidents to wear the stiff high black satin stock with a buckle behind, over the summit of which for a time our docile ancestors, with heads almost as immovable as those of their grandsires, "carved in alabaster," had they been so chiselled, looked forth op life and destiny. It was a relic of the fashion set by D'Orsay and his brightly decorated kind, capable in too abounding use of parting with all its claims to elegance and distinction. Polk clung to it to the last, but it went down with him, vanishing thenceforward from the at first startled and at last wearied vision of mankind. Polk had a plain, old-fashioned face and presence, looked like the Southern gentleman he was, formal, polite, ceremonial, rather arid and sawdustish, leaving as his legacy to the country the Mexiof their grandsires, "carved in alabaster, ing as his legacy to the country the Mexi-can War, wound up in victory, but asso-ciated with many heartburnings, individ-ual jealousies and rancors and endless political complexities not to be unraveled political complexities not to be unraveled for many a day. Grace attend the mem-ory of this modest, upright but partly futile old Magistrate, who at least filled his great place with dignity, if he could not spread round it the light of highest

political wiseless.

As the prominent public characters of the country assembled at Washington it was natural that with his purpose, Brady should be drawn thither also. He established a branch of his business there, I think about 1844. They were giants in these days; in whatever 'antres vast or forests idle, or far-off regions of mystery they were nurtured, their familiar haunting ground was in the shadow of the Capitol as if it were their temple and shrine. They had moved with pomp and grandeur on the scene of action for a generation or more, but now the stera prompter, Destiny, was almost. political wisciom!

ready to give them each his signal of de-

ready to give them each his signal of de-partigre.

Brady was none too swift in his grasp at their vanishing shadows; but happily he was not too late, for he captured them all and they yet abide to testify to after gener-ations what their race, the Anakim, were like. Clay, Wetster, Calhoun and their compeers loom vast in our political and national his-tory; they were worthy to be pictured by the sun. We exuit that they came not like the generation of the fathers which preceded them, too early to be touched into imperishable remembrance by its preserving mperishable remembrance by its preserving beam. And we are justified in a feeling of patriotic satisfaction that so skilled a minter of its sorceries appeared among them at the opportune hour.
Shortly after 1850 the photograph came

in, at first in a hesitating, experimental manner, but it was speedily successful, and introduced a form of the art much more striking and important than the one it gradually displaced. In no long time striking and important than the one it gradually displaced. In no long time Brady was ready to ask all the world to come to his gallery to see his new imperial photograph, a type of portraiture peculiar to his establishment, which enjoyed great fame for more than a generation. The world thus invited was not slow to come; New York's art resources were not then abundant; there was yet no Metropolitan Art Museum; the only considerable collection of pictures in private possession. collection of pictures in private possession which the city could beast was that of James Lenox housed in a mansion of lower Fifth avenue, to which nobody was ever admitted. None of the art houses since admitted. None of the art houses since grown so famous had yet any existence. The Schauses, Goupils, Knoedlers and all their long after-following had never been heard of; Samuel P. Avery was an obscure young wood engraver, with a genius and passion for art collecting, working inconspicuously and unknown in his modest craft. There were some works of art at the Historical Society's rooms; the exhibition at the Academy of Design came round once a year. Williams & Stevens, the dealers, long since passed away, then the only ones of any note in the town, set forth a meagre display in their exhibition rooms. a meagre display in their exhibition rooms but in its art possessions, all told, the city was then a place of much sterility in its desert, even a photographer's gallery being a welcome and sheltering oasis. Brady was the prince of photographers, his ateliers the centre on this side of the ocean of that magical art. And it was in no way surprising that it obtained immediately so liberal a measure of public attention and favor. meagre display in their exhibition room

I remember the processions which cam and went then in those far-off years; was myself delegated to the duty of inviting thither all the most important of them and offering them the honors and hospi-talities of the place. While their pictures retalities of the place. While their pactures and the main clear in my memory it seems a duty as so many of them are of waxing historic importance to give them such outline and definition as may be in my power. Of those who composed these shining and memorable retinues there is hardly a survivor. They have gone forth into the composition of the place of the place of the composition of the place still kingdoms, some with a strengthening anchorage in the world's memory but many muffled in dim hoods and robes of forgetfulness melting into the past a ships melt into the mist, becoming to the vision but portion and parcel of its unarked vacuity.

In endeavoring to call at least a part of this procession again upon the stage my function will be in a measure that of the showman and passing commentator on the figures presented. Though recalled as a wiftly moving and unbroken line, the b ginning and end embraced in a single ac-tion, with the unities of time and place observed as if it were a dramatic instead observed as it it were a dramatic instead of a processional show, it in fact took many years to bring all these important person-ages to the artistic ordeal which then awaited them. "The deep damnation of their taking off," as one of the wittlest of them gave it phrase, with the suggestion that it should be the inscription over the relieve's portal.

gallery's portal.

As the column should move with a distinguished leader at its head I will appoint one to the place whose right of precedence will nowhere be gainsaid.

The door opens, a buttoned-up figure appears; noticeably well appointed in the matter of his hat, which is carefully brushed and worn at a slight angle; his boots, too, are of a neatness and elegance to invite attention; his manner is polite, gracious and bland. When he lifts his hat you see that his hair is carefully parted and brushed down over his temples; that it has a perceptdown over his temples; that it has a perceptible wave and tendency to curl. His nose is straight, rather preminent, of aristocratic contour, his face smooth shaven and his mouth wears an expression of amiability and refinement. That is Franklin Pierce, newly elected President of the United States, the friend and schoolmate of Hawthorne. terward to be appointed by him to the Liverpool Consulate and to become his biographer. The handsome, modest, re-served young gentleman who accompanie-him is Sidney Webster, his secretary, of the

served young him is Sidney Webster, his secretary, or the great Webster lineage, but not wearing on his sleeve, or in his countenance the signs of that Jupiterian descent. Instead of its Egyptian massiveness there appeared in him a Greek grace and delicacy, and as one of the very few of that now shadowy retinue o remain I will hope that time has deal with him kindly and protectingly
We can but greet our visitors, however
distinguished, with hail and a farewell; the

crowding line is too insistent to admit of more. In point of historic fact, however, each one of them was met with ceremonious politeness by the ministers of ceremony then on duty, all the honors of the place were done in their behalf, all its trophies shown to them and at last they were con-ducted into the chambre ardente or skylit room, where the camera stood ready to turn its wizard eye upon them, petrifying their so transitory and vanishing shapes into more than marble immortality was the impelling motive of each vist, its detail duly performed in every case with an aggregate of results to become a memo-rable part of the artistic history of the time the city and the nation.

the city and the nation.

As the new daintily attired, equipped and attended President passes across the stage and disappears another figure enters with slow, substantial tread and an air of Crompallia edidity, and confidence. wellian solidity and confidence. It is of massive proportions and though deliberate not unwieldy in its motions. When the hat is removed from the head an awe-com-pelling cliff-like brow is revealed, it is the face and presence of one who would build States. His eyes are rather weak and blink ing; his complexion dead and pasty; hair black, thick, turning to gray; clothes of broadcloth of old-fashioned cut, and he carries a heavy cane, though his walk is

sturdy and shows no need of it. That is William L. Marcy, a shining ornament of the Democratic party in those days, still cherished in its tradition, War Minister in Mexican War times, State Governor in successive terms; wrong on the slavery question like the other leaders of his party; being before his and their redicts had borned. dying before his and their policy had borne its legatimate political fruit—by the genera-tion which followed them, to whose lips it was commended, found apples of bitterness as of those grown in orchards and beside waters of Sodom noxious to mankind Only a few years more of life were left to Only a few years more of life were left to him. Of his party as of himself it might have then been said that the feet of the Colossus were already crumbling. The opening note of the Civil War, now not far off, for which himself and his political allies some of them unknowingly had done so much to prepare the way, he was not destined to hear. In the brief observation of him which I thus recount as my only one, he seemed in a degree absent and self-involved, paid little attention to the great array of portraits displayed before him but looked with a smile of attention on that of Silas Wright—they had been through many Silas Wright—they had been through many Silns Wright—they had been through many a campaign together—and with apparently absorbing interest on the pathetic, almost spectral image of Jackson, as if it were his ghost come back out of the famous nations of the dead to give the living tokens of the mansions there awaiting them.

Martin Van Buren, born before Marcy, living for some years after his death, many

Martin van Buren, born before Marcy, living for some years after his death, more highly placed officially and historically, is not perhaps to be ranked in native en-dowment as so great a man. In stature and proportions he was much less, but he

well stricken in years he here them easily, almost jauntily, as if even with grim Time, "the Old Saturnian Seer," he held terms of amity and reliance.

arnity and reliance.

The tailer figure accompanying him, like a slender cypress shooting up beside an aged but sturdy cak, is his son "Prince John," so called from the days when he attended the coronation of the maiden Queen Victoria, and danced a measure with that beautiful and world-beloved royal personage. He is now going on toward his half century, has long been a striking figure in politics, the law and society; has a ready wift, the completest knowledge of all the gracious and graceful arts of life. the gracious and graceful arts of life is a never-failing amiability and charm manner toward young and old, the great and humble alike. For the elder states-man, I saw him only this once, and he re-mains but a picture in my memory; but with his son "Prince John" I had the honor

with his son 'Prince John' I had the honor to be on terms of pleasant acquaintance, meeting him with much frequency in certain New York drawing rooms and elsewhere during the remainder of his life. His appearance in general was of elegance and distinction. I have noted his unusual stature, exceeding six feet. He was slender and of graceful figure, though with a slight stoop of the shoulders, as if the years already began to press with weight upon him. He wore a small blond musupon him. He were a small blond mus-ache, his aristocratic face otherwise smooth shaven, and the beam in his brown, amable eves seemed to have a faint cloud of wearieyes seemed to have a faint cloud of weariness and languer spread over it, not, however, obscuring the ray of mirth and humor which always dwelt there. Prince John's wittleisms and epigrams had in his time the currency of golden eagles; were a part of the common treasure and circulating medium of wit, the mint stamp not yet worn from all of them One whom he had opposed in a lawsuit once challenged him in a public place; "Mr. Van Buren, can anybedy do anything so mean, lowdown, criminal and aboninable that you won't defend him?" "I don't know," said Van Buren; "tell me what you've been won't defend him? "I don't know, said Van Buren; "tell me what you've been doing." In the Free Soil campaign, when his father was a Presidential candidate, the son's political zeal was greater than was habitual to him, and he explained it by ittle apologue: A farmer's boy, driv load of hay, upset it and was presently ga i ead of hay, upset if and was presently ound by passers in frenzied activity pitch-right to one side and the other the overgreed mass. He was told that there was a call for such exhausting activity; it ouldn't help the situation any. To which explied "But Dad's under the hay."

These were the haloyon days of the Descracy, it had been long in power and in sentrenched security had gathered confi-ence that its power would remain to it as if

were a part of the natural order of things were a part of the hadral order of ming-ics leaders, distended with ruddy prosperi-es as with wine, bore themselves with pride and confidence as if to them and theirs ere the kingdom of the world and the lory thereof, not to be wrenched from tem "with an unlinear hand" like that, for xample, of Frement, who now appears on our stage with William M. Gwin, doctor, senator, duke and many other things first and last, and John M Slidell closely following him as if to keep a watchful eye upon hin and circumvent any political machination he might attempt in the neutra. which he hight accentrary to convention and field of the arts contrary to convention and the ethics of the busitess. Frémont has rather a young faces of Provençul cast is partly of French origin parts his quite abundant, asburn-tinged, black hair in the pidle, wears a shortish, heatly trimme ulders are quite broad and his hands

a firm grasp on any duty however great which might be confided to him.

Time affirmed that such appraisal of his qualities was too generous, that his endowment of gifts and powers was much more modest than his too enthusiastic partisans of that time representing the newborn Republican party, destined to such a momentous history imagined. If his thunders were not all in the index in the world's wise after-judgment, they were mainly so, and if not found wanting in all the balances, civic and military, in which he was weighed, none is now ft to deny that he was so found in mos

Duke Gwin and Siideil were both tal and gray, the first of granitic solidity (look ing something, I always thought, like Thur-low Weed), the latter of a soft elegance and phancy like a courtier of Louisthe Great or a Munister of Louenze the Magnificent their party, we in the councils of

worthy cause

An American naval commander fished
Slidell out of his refuge on a British ship,
nearly bringing the two nations to war and it would have come to that if we had not given him up and applogized. He barely lived through the civil conculsion which he had so potently helical to bring on, surviving just long enough to realize that he cause was an etertually lost one and pe-haps to lament that he had given to it sho haps to lament the analysis of service and absoluting measure of service and lovalty. Duke Gwin went to Mexico with Maximilian who gave him his ducal title calways with the fortune of allying him. talways with the fortune of allying him-self with failing causes and persons), died at nearly to with boots of peacefully after so much of strife, is a ving behind him only the memory of a picture-sque and variet political and social career.

My conder's best effort of attention wil with some wisps of whiskers under the chin, brow arched and of good proportions nose prominent and shapely, chiselied month shut tight and of iron firmness, hair gravish and tending to thinness attire near and formal with no particular deference to current fashions. He is of scant speech. rather grimly silent; seems neither to shrini from attention nor to invite it. Of the bat tering ram of the rebellion so soon to be se p against gate and wall of the imperilled ap against gate and wall of the imperilled republic he was to be the brazen head, but as he appears in our procession he looks innocent as other people, rather hatchet-face, with a plantation air "one would pity his niggers" though in fairness I must say that he was reported to be kind to his own when he had them. No sign walked with him to give foretoken of the part he was to play in the tremendous drama about to be enacted or marked him as the high priest of a faith the altars whereof high priest of a faith the altars whereof were so soon to smoke with the blood the first born of all the land.

As he passes off the stage and the curtain drops upon him there is historic propriety in introducing a homely old country lawyer from far toward the Western frontier, unknown till a few months before beyond the limits of his neighborhood and State, who has just been invited by a Re-publican committee to deliver in New York one or two political addresses like those with which he had just met and, as many thought, overthrown in argument the greatest statesman of his home Common wealth and one of the greatest in the na tion, Stephen A. Douglas. The occasion was the introduction to the metropolis and to his countrymen of the East of Abraham Lincoln. Everybody now knows how he looked; then his personality was obscure, and ridiculous descriptions of it began to be current. He was a very tall man, 6 feet 4, carried his shoulders somewhat forward as if his normal stature were em-barrassing and invited a little diminution; from his great height, he looked somewhat from his great height he looked somewha slender, but his build was sinewy and mas-sive, as if at need his drooped shoulders could sustain Atlas's load; his face, clean could sustain Atlas's load; his face, clean shaven, wore a quaint, humorous, half-melancholy expression; it was drawn into deep and rugged lines and was dark and swarthy in its hue; head high rather than broad, hair black and quite abundant, tending to be slightly threaded with gray. Of a hundred who met him in the public ways unknown as he then was, ninety would turn around to have a second look at him. There was a kind of sorcery in his presence. He carried the open signs of an abounding good nature and kindness of heart in which the Samaritan who ministered to the wounded wayfarer could not have exceeded him. Everything in his

Moving on from high to higher Became on Fortune's crowning The pillar of a people's hope. The centre of a world's desire.

The centre of a world's desire.

As yet he was caviare to the general; was not President, nor nominated nor even a favorite in the betting—was nothing but a campaign stump orator who had scored a provincial success and made a satisfactory metropolitan début. But as he here appears, the laurel on him but in its April bud, if with the penetrating spiritual vision to discern his true qualities, we call him the greatest man of his generation or of many generations, we shall but give echo to the voice of time and posterity so far as it is yet uttered and with no sign or expectancy of its reversal. or expectancy of its reversal.

T. C. Evans.

TRIALS OF THE DRESSMAKER

The Matter of Credit When She Is Begin ning Her Career. One of the difficulties that every dress maker has to encounter at the outset of her career is explained by the following A woman who had once been wealthy

in private life lost her husband, her reputation and her wealth simultaneously and went on the stage. After a somewhat prolonged struggle she succeeded in acquiring a reputation of another kind and some means. She was on the point of undertaking an important step in her career when in Paris she met by accident woman who had formerly attended to her wants in one of the large dressmaker's shops. The dressmaker had just started in business, having saved money enough to establish herself. She knew nothing of the change in life of her old customer until the latter told it, after a fashion.

"And now," said she, "I have become the most famous actress in America. Why ion t you make some dresses for me? I will make you famous all over the United States.

The little dressmaker was delighted have the opportunity to have such a disinguished patron. She made for the actress ten of the most beautiful and expensive gowns that the Paris shops could produce. The actress spent days in the dressmaker's atelier. When she returned to this country she brought back with her such a wardrobe as few other women had ever possessed for one play. The drama she appeared in earned thou-

ands for her, and one of the great factors its success was the dressing of the principal part. That was discussed everywhere, but nobody who saw the beauty of ose clothes heard that the French woman who had designed and made them never received a cent.

A year passed, but repeated demands for payment from the other side of the water produced no result. Finally suit was begun. But that was nearly two years after the clothes had been finished. The bill was finally settled, but before that happy time the dressmaker had failed in business and gone back to work with her old employers. Her capital had been small and she had used so much of it in providing materials for the actress's dresses that she had nothing left with which to meet her obligations when they became due. If the money had been paid at the time promised, she would have been able to get along. But she had failed and lost her shop before the bill for the gowns was collected.

GOLD IN INDIANA. Lots of It There, Says a Prospector - Rubi

INDIANAPOLIS, June 14.-R. L. Royse, a on and Morgan counties for two years. gold, has determined to introduce improved machinery and is confident that ime and expense.

does not believe it is of glacial origin, bea ton in the bottom of a 40-foot shaft.

Mr. Royse first had his attention attracted to the gold of Indiana while in the Mint at Philadelphia by shipments made from this State. The assay showed that next to the gold of the Snake River district, which runs 23 and a fraction carats fine, Indiana gold is the finest in the country.

It runs over 23 carats, while most Western fine. Indiana gold is worth \$1.28 a pennyweight and is made up into the finest jew-

He says there can be no doubt that there have been making a living and a little

"The time is ripe," said he, "for this wealth to be opened, and when the Indiana sensation that will attract the attention

Some of the men who are working with he primitive sluice-boxes have found nuggets. Noah Walker found one nugget that weighed 11 pennyweights and 4 grains

Mrs. Edward Black killed a duck for bright pebbles in its craw and saved twenty-

paid \$125 for the larger and \$75 for the smaller one.

In another locality John Merriman found what is now believed to be a blue diamond that weighs over a carat. If it proves to be blue when cut, the value, it is said, will be in excess of \$1,050.

Merriman has also found one amethyst which he sold for a good price. Surford Sexton and James Smith, two Illinois men who worked in the hollow of Morgan county, are said to have found one ruby which they sold in Chicago for \$350 and many smaller ones.

NEWARK ADVERTMEMENTS.

prospector who has been working in Brown, and has secured by lease and in some cases by direct purchase 3,500 acres of and on which he found strong traces of plenty of pay dirt will reward him for his

He differs with the State Geologist in espect to theories regarding the gold found in the three counties named, for he cause he has found it in the seams of the bed rock, under the bed rock, and at the bottein of a 148-foot well, 100 feet below the bed rock. He has also found it running \$18

and Klondike gold runs from 14 to 20 carats

s gold in Indiana, and points to the fact that many persons in Brown and Morgan counties, working with crude implements, something besides for years.

gold fields are understood there will be a of the world."

and the find netted him about \$11.

linner one day and found a number of nine of the largest. A neighbor pronounced them gold and she took them to a jeweller them gold and she took them to a jeweller at Martinsville and got \$2.50 for her find.
One of the most sensational finds was made by a man named Stanley, who picked up a diamond worth \$200. Royse gave Stanley \$10 for it and the next day sold it for \$30 and it was brought here and finally world for \$200.

it for \$30 and it was brought here and finally sold for \$200.

It was a fraction over four curats in weight, but there was a flaw in the centre and it had to be cut in two. The cutters got two perfect diamonds out of it and they were purchased by a man in this city and are now being worn by him. He paid \$125 for the larger and \$75 for the smaller one.

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all other remedies fail

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ERDENHEIM.

The History of the Breeding Piece Burned on the Math of This Month.

To the Editor of The Stn-Sir. The Philadelphia despatch in The Stn of Sunday about the burning of horses and other property, probably stables, at Erdenheim, contains considerable misinformation, but is chiefly noticeable to horsemen in what it does not say. Yet Erdenheim, close to Chestnut Hill, must be by this time a suburb of the Quaker City. The place was once the property of Aristides Welch, the breeder of some of the most femous thoroughbreds of the country, and he had owned it for many years previous to the birth of Iroquois, in 1878, leby Medleskey may be now the lesser of previous to the birth of Iroquois, in 1878. the property, but that has not been his re-lation to it for thirty-five years, as the account you publish says. Mccloskey was, during Mr. Welch's possession, and for many years, Welch's possession, and for many years,

the stud groom of the place, and not a trainer. Mr. Welch bred Iroquois, and Mctioskey was present when Iroquois first saw the light. There is any quantity of turf romance about the old place. Not Iroquois alone, but his sire, the great Leanuncton, helped make the renown of the place, to say nothing of Alarm, Reform great sires—and of those peerless ancient matrons, Maggie B. B., dam of Iroquois. Susan Beane, dam of Sensation. Onondaga, Susquehanna, and Sioux, Nemesis, dam of the horse that fixed first the racing fortunes of the Dwyer brothers. Ithadamanthus—himself fini-hing his career in flames. Megara, dam of Spinaway. Madge, Sister of Mercy, Lada and others that do not recur to memory just now. Then there was at the place Flora Temple, the little "swish-tailed harness mag, the first to trot a mile in bitter than 2:20. Mr. Welch purchased her after her great track career was finished and bred her to Leanuncton on some queer but inferienced theory of his own. She and Leanungton were the greatest of cronies, and in death they were not divided, their graves being side by side in the Erdenheim lawn under the pines, each marked by a huce grante slah inscribed with their names welch always protested that there was being side by side in the Erdenheim lawn made, taking the material for a bad debt a gravestone maker owed him.

Tong be de story tole

I once heard a darkey humming during his stable duties at Erdenheim, and are we to forget that Erdenheim was the birthplace of this almost unparalleled turf performer. Parole, the first horse really to purther grave of courage into the besome of Yankee turfinen, during the state Parole, the first horse really to purther grave of courage into the Besome of the American invasion of Great Britain? The old guard probably will not forget, but most of them have general the far har Parole, the first horse really to purther side. Sinflice to recall the far har Parole, the first horse really to purther side. Sinflice to recall the far har Parole, the first horse first hard the pro

BROOKLYN, June 9.

The Lesson of the Martinique Illaster. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUX Sir. Many letters from agnostics have appeared lately

dare say your agnostic correspondents and therefore cannot possibly give assent

PHILADELPHIA, June 11 CATHOLD 18.

Value of an Intelligent Latty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN -SO William Seton, LL. D., in his very able letter in von-paper of Sunday, is clearly right in saving that there is need in the present age of a Catholic Church. No better means for the purpose, so far as I have seen, has been sucgested, than the "Newman reading circle I am not acquainted with them, I am sort say, but I presume they make a careful st say, but I presume they make a careful study of his writings, which are admirably state for the present scientific age. Newman Grammar of Assent" is well fitted to free the mind from all credulity; and also guard it against prevident fallacies.

If I had a voice in these "circles," I would suggest also the study of Balmes's Criticion." Lacordaire's "Conferences," Mannang & Reason and Revelation. Clark's Logic, and such works remarkable for close reasoning. There is, I think, a great need for a thorough course of logic and philosophy at a much earlier age than is the custom it or Catholic colleges. It was very well to have logic reserved for the morks in the ages of a much earlier age than is the custom it Catholic colleges. It was very well to be logic reserved for the monks in the ages battlenses and crossbows, but the advect of education in the past century among laity seems to me to call for the study logic; and I would be in favor of it for your country and the study of th

Women also, as being in special need of less BROOKLYN, June 1. MICHAEL CORCULAN The Painted Dickey.

To THE Edition of The Su's Sie I am a wal a bit of an artist, and now, with your permiss I would be a philanthropist. To cut it am and come to the point. I have worn for some and come to the point. I have worn for years what is known among the the of my profession as a "dickey." The course, knows that a "dickey" is a celluloscom, which, one may with a spongrater wash off as you would a fine riverble. I have devised a pan whereby I dickey in water colors so that I make in and acquaintances think I have a great of the shirts. One night I well light for the kilalite with the rainbow unear my sold the kilalite with the rainbow unear my sold fine shirts. One night I well light for the kilalite with the rainbow unear my sold fine and paint another pattern, and sponge, and paint another pattern, and you have not buy no shirts and pay no faundit for a few pairty cents per month, I am time thing on Broadway. I divide my set that mankind may benefit by it. Mixe its

Albert E. Wettin of England

From Modern Society
What would the name of King Edw be if he ceased to enjoy his kingly other words, what is the family a august house? Not a very easy other words, what is the family name august house? Not a very easy queed it answer, considering that his Mapestabears were sovereigns centuries believe hames, as we now understand them used at all. However, here is our area to the conundrum.

Dynastically, King Edward belongs to Hanoverian line, or, to speak more expet to the line of Brunswick-Lunebourg, a little of which became the royal line of kings when George I, son of Princess Sophia glad daughter of James I | and of Ernest Algued Elector of Hanover, ascended the 1-glat throne in 1714. The family name of the line of England from George I to Victor inclusive

of England from George 1 to victoria inclusive

Queen Victoria married, as we all known of the service of Saxonx all prince of Saxonx all prince of Saxonx the though not now the kingly) branch of the though not now the kingly) branch of the though not now the kingly) branch of though not now the kingly) branch of though not now the kingly) branch of though not now the kingly branch of the tenth century, came afterward to known was Wettin, and this was, and is, surname of both branches of the House Saxony ever since. Our present stands of the tenth century, though maternally Guelph, is paternally a Wettin, and were to become an American citizen he would regulately be known as Albert & Wettin.

in your paper arguing against God on account of the Martinique disaster, in which the writers presumably, be known as Albert & Wetter